

MARVEL  
13th MAY 89

# THE REAL

No 48 40p

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# GHOSTBUSTERS™





**G**ulp! Ever had a hunger pang in the middle of the night? Ever had the urge to make your way to the kitchen to have another sandwich? Well don't! Who knows what may be lurking in the fridge, or the cupboards! Maybe there's more to the phrase 'food-fight' than you suspect, for this is precisely the kind of strange goings-on which Peter encounters in **Snack Attack!** Talking of food, Slimer has an unfortunate experience with some ghostly minions, who are hell-bent on revenge in **Ghostnappers!** This is certainly no time for our Ghostbusting foursome to *take a nap* when their favourite lodger is about to be stolen! What with this and a gigantic Behemoth on the loose, will we ever get any sleep? Well... fear not, there's a roving superhero or two just around the corner! So, eat, drink and be merry!

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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



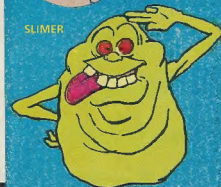
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STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDMORE



JANINE  
MELNITZ



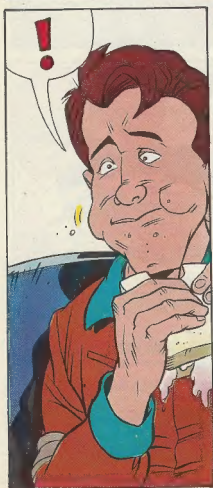
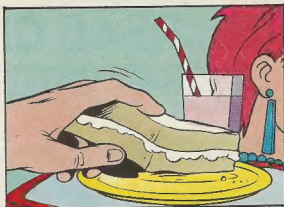
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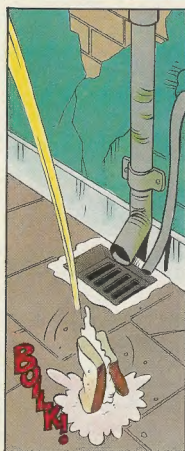
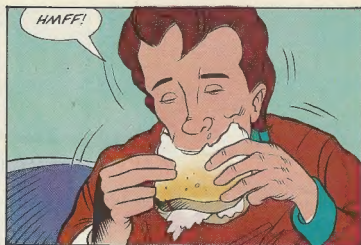
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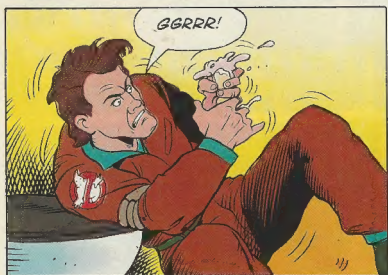


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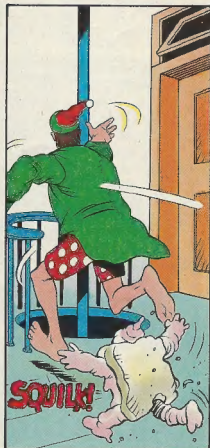
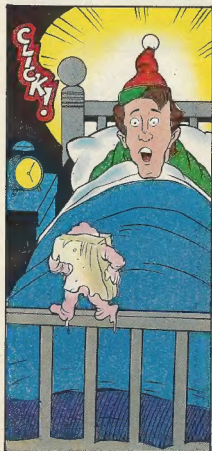
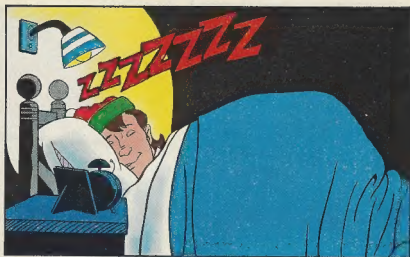


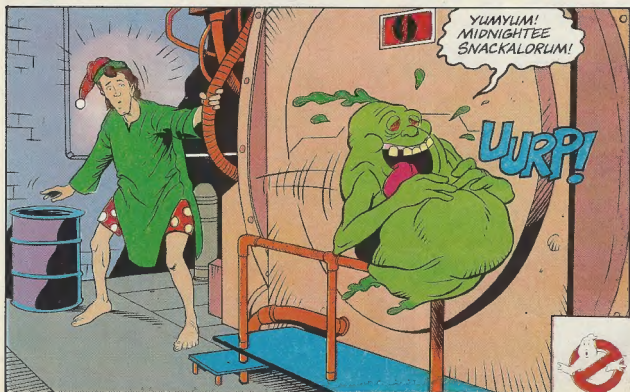
















# TRAFFIC WARDEN SPOOK

This malevolent spook was clearly the appearance, in phantom form, of what was once a traffic warden. Not just any old traffic warden, either. It was in fact, the ghost of a certain Helmut Offencenung, a German immigrant who clearly felt good in a uniform. He was so obsessed with doing his job in an ordered and thorough manner, that he often exerted a discipline on the general public which, arguably, went beyond the call of duty. In fact, his enthusiasm for writing tickets was apparently limitless – a car in a 'no breathing zone' indeed! Anyway, poor Helmut met his untimely end when he was run over by a getaway car, driven by John 'cut-throat' McCready, a notorious New York bank robber. So much for putting in a bit of overtime!



# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE

Not so very long ago (in fact, in this issue's text story – Ed.), we saved the whole of New York from a beastie that had come direct from the pages of a comic book. Yeah, I know. Don't ask. Anyway, when we were chatting afterwards, Peter suggested that the great Comic books of the 40's and 50's were as much of an influence on conceptions of ghosts and monsters today as the movies we've seen fit to cover in recent guides and that we should do a Spirit Guide about 'Really Fabby Issues'. That's how Peter described them. I sort of see his point. I've got nothing I really have to talk about this issue and it'll keep Peter from pestering me for a while. So here goes.

### REALLY FABBY ISSUES

According to Peter (who gave me a whirlwind guided tour of the cupboard in his room, that is crammed full of old comics in plastic bags), the 'Golden Age' of the Spook comic happened in the early fifties. It could be found in a sequence of comics published by Boggie comics, a semi-professional firm, whose office and base of operations was an out-of-order lift in the basement of a condemned haberdashers in Tallahassee. Their triumphs were as follows (use this invaluable checklist to build up your collection of really ... fabby issues):



## PART 48

### BOGGLE COMICS CHECKLIST

*Rugose Horror Quarterly* – amazingly rugose stuff. Only the first nine issues are worth collecting. However, as after that, the writer was replaced and the original, award-winning levels of rugosity were never quite equalled.

*Tales from the Sepulchre* – According to Peter, this is the 'biz' and achieves the desired levels of 'fabby'-ness that a true discerning fan looks for. Peter says of this enthusiastically: "But – just look at the colour job on this – and can you believe – I mean the – and look, look! The art in this like – wow –" *Nausoleum* – Drawn by the famous man of comics, Lang Candy, this rare, black-and-white collection of spooky

stories is highly prized by both comic fans and fans of graphic documentaries on surgery. Very interesting, but slightly less pleasant than a class nine in a bad mood.

*Amazing Stories to Astonish* – a truly bizarre comic that caused a sensation just before it was cancelled in 1953. The artist was one Willie Bryson, who worked at home in Chatanooga and posted all his stories into Boggle Comics. Bryson was famous for drawing the most terrifying spooks. One of the Boggle editors finally took the train to Chatanooga to find out how Bryson did it and discovered that Bryson had been dead since 1947 and had been sketching his new mates for the comic.

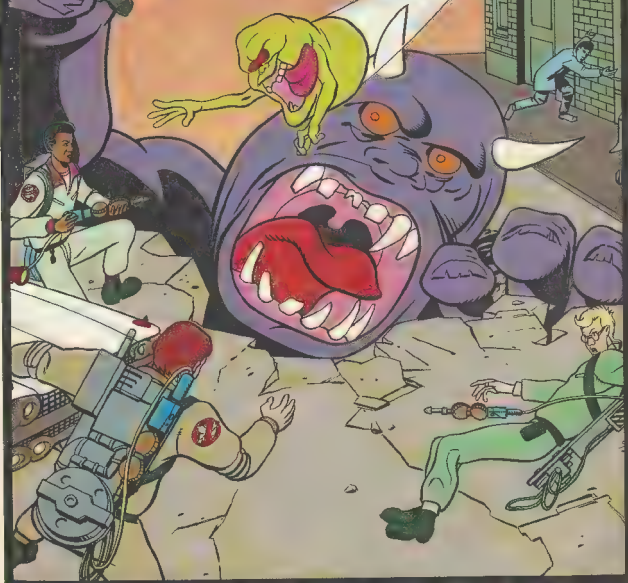
*Prairie Dog Terror* – strange little mag about a family of Prairie Dogs who are regularly menaced by undead and undoubtedly rugose things from beyond the grave. The biggest mystery of all remains to be what the guys at Boggle Comics had against Prairie Dogs anyway. I mention it only because the eldest Prairie Dog bears a striking similarity to Ray.

On the whole, I agree with Peter's checklist. There's just one other Comic that I'd like to add:

*The Real Ghostbusters* – which, since its first issue, has been generally better than *Tales from the Sepulchre*.



# ATTACK OF THE AMOK BEHEMOTH THAT ATE NEW YORK!



Story DAN ABNETT ☉ Art DAVE ELLIOTT ☉ Colouring SPOLLY

The vast Behemoth, which was now well on its way to running berserk and amok, snarled in a deep, bass howl that sounded like six shire horses doing a tap dance routine on the roof of a tin shed. It lifted another tasty piece of New York to its lips. Terrified New Yorkers shrieked and scattered out of its way as it munched down more of their home town. Things looked black. Very Black indeed.

Suddenly, the chief of the armed police SWAT team that had been doing its level best to keep the amok Behemoth from its buffet lunch, looked skywards and cried "Look up there, men! Is it a bird? A plane? No! It's CAPTAIN CHAMPION!"

There could be no mistaking the powerful red, white and blue figure that came swooping down out of the sky like lightning. The smile beneath the famous mask broadened in a friendly way as the valiant Captain stood in the Behemoth's path. "Have no fear," cried Captain Champion. "I'll soon sort this out . . ."

Andy Anorakus grinned, sat back from the drawing board, sharpening his pencil. In another hour or so, he would have the latest issue of 'CAPTAIN CHAMPION: HERO OF THE FREE WEST' finished and ready to send to the publisher MEGAMAG Comics. This story, *Attack of the amok Behemoth that ate New York* was sure to be an even bigger seller than the award winning *League of Baddies nearly conquers the entire World* which did so well last year. Just then, the door of the studio opened and a strange figure stepped in, a strange figure dressed in a long, dark cloak. "Mr Anorakus? The comic strip artist? I've heard you're the best in the business when it comes to drawing foul monsters and massive nasty things with great pointy teeth."

Andy blushed. "Well, gee, it's nice of you to say so, Mister. What can I do for you?"

The stranger stepped closer to the drawing board. "I need a design for a monster . . ." The stranger glanced at the picture of the amok Behemoth taped in

place in front of the artist. "Why, that's it exactly . . ."

Things were a little confused in ECTO-1.

Ray was at the wheel, with Winston beside him. They were arguing about which way to turn. Ray's argument was that if they turned left, they'd be able to cut down fifth and miss the one way system that runs for four blocks east. Winston argued that by turning left they'd probably get squashed by the huge rampaging Behemoth, that was running amok for no good reason at all, in about three seconds flat. Literally. In the back of the confused-mobile, Egon was struggling to prime up the four Proton Packs *without* Slimer's help. Peter, who had his head buried in the latest issue of Captain Champion and hadn't yet looked up to fully appreciate the *vastness* of the Ghostbusters' next bust, was complaining that, "Doctor Squid just used a nullifying ray on Captain Champion and it just isn't fair!"

Egon looked sternly at Slimer and said "Get off the Proton Packs!" Then he looked sternly at Peter and said "Peter, I advise you to put down that comic and look at the problem facing us. It is a little on the large size and I suspect you'll be wanting to say 'bad craziness' about it as soon as you see it."

Peter looked up. "Bad craziness . . ." he said, in awe.

The Behemoth, mainly because it was running amok at the time, took a deal of stopping. The team of armed SWAT police had been trying pretty hard for some time, but when the Busters turned up, the SWAT boys were happy to hand over to the real experts. After all, mused the team's chief, the SWAT only had bazookas and rapid fire magnum assault rifles. The 'Busters had unlicensed nuclear accelerators and that was just the sort of serious firepower you wanted on your side during a shoot out. The four Proton streams arched out on a rainbow of



electrical energy and after a short debate about whether it should disintegrate or carry on being amok a while longer, the Behemoth finally disintegrated and nothing was left except for a few scraps of paper blowing in the breeze. About then, Andy Anorakus turned up holding a broken pencil.

"So you see, he just pointed a strange gun at the page I was drawing on the table and the monster came to life," explained Andy over a reassuring cup of coffee.

"But who was this guy?" asked Winston.

"Apart from being strange," added Ray.

"And wearing a long dark cloak," added Peter.

"Well," said Andy, "You're going to laugh, but he looked a lot like Doctor Squid."

Everybody laughed. Just then, there was a noise outside like a jet plane landing and a shadow passed across the sun.

"What's that?" asked Winston.

"A Boeing?" asked Ray.

"An eclipse?" suggested Egon.

The cup of coffee slipped from Peter's hands. "You're not going to believe this really . . ." he said.

A slightly bewildered red, white and blue figure walked over to them.

"Sorry I'm late," said Captain Champion, "but Doctor Squid hit me with a nullifying ray and I had to walk from Cleveland. Now what seems to be the problem . . . ?"





# DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and  
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



Jealousy can be an unpleasant emotion at the best of times, but when it becomes the motive for evil deeds, the horror is enhanced to an unreasonable degree.

Jealousy was precisely the sentiment which sparked off an act of cruelty which defies comprehension. The act in question occurred in the medieval castle of Berry Pomeroy in Devon. This atmospheric and compelling remain holds a terror within its walls which is in keeping with its mysterious character. Early in the castle's history, the building was occupied by two sisters of the Pomeroy family; Margaret and Eleanor de Pomeroy. Unfortunately the two ladies fell deeply in love with the very same man!

It seems that the man in question directed his

attentions towards Margaret who was apparently a very beautiful woman. Clearly, this distressed her sister Eleanor, who was the mistress of the house and she became insanely jealous.

Unfortunately, Eleanor was not disposed to seek the attentions of a different admirer and so, instead, she decided to throw her sister into one of the castle's dungeons! The unbearable torment of it!

Poor Margaret was to spend the rest of her life in the dank and gloomy prison. Kept in a constant state of starvation and anguish, she was to eventually meet her death imprisoned within the dismal fortress.

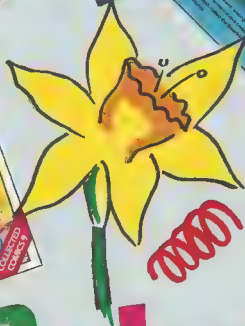
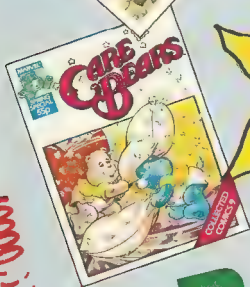
What torment and anguish was the sorry lady forced to endure? How could a woman inflict such pain on her own sister? The suffering inflicted must have been so

great that when Margaret finally died she could not go to her eternal rest. Thus, her spirit roams restlessly. It has been sighted often, rising from the prison chamber to wander along the ramparts above.

It is said that she appears on certain nights of the year, in flowing white robes. As she walks, the ghost beckons to the beholder to come and join her in the dungeon below!

Legend states that for anyone who sets eyes upon the beautiful apparition, there is certain death! But remember, what is an inconceivable horror to some, is a merciful release to others!



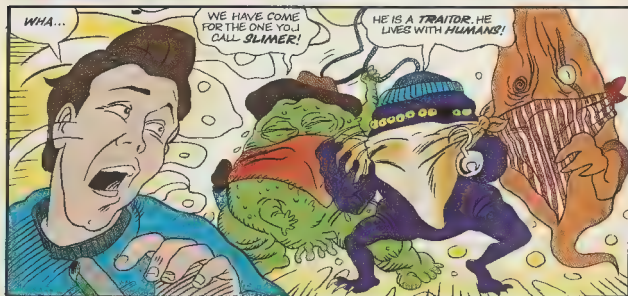
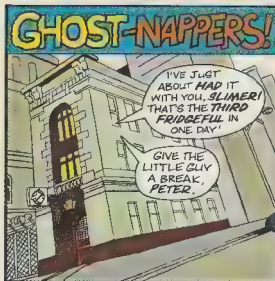


# SPRING TIME



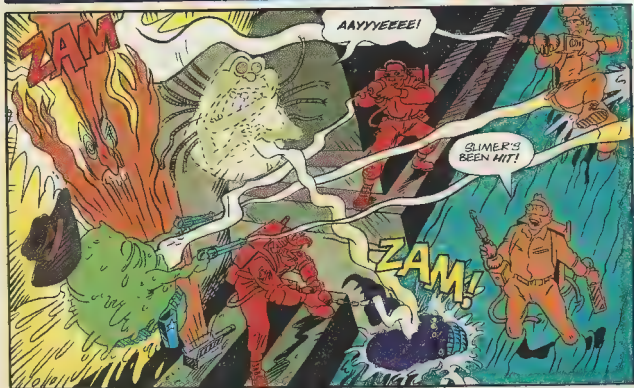
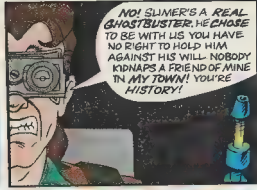
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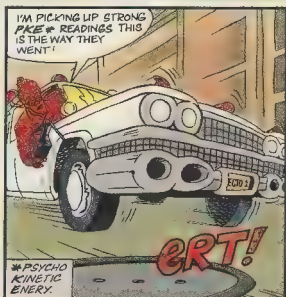
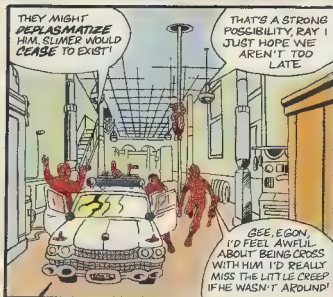
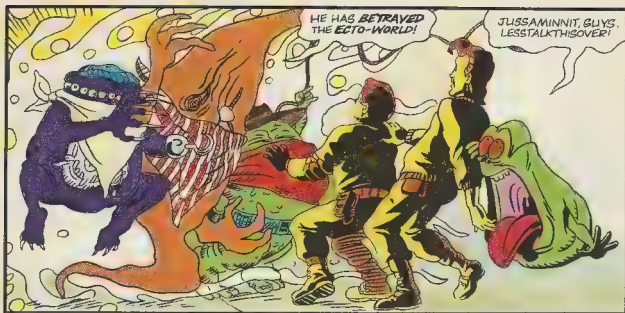
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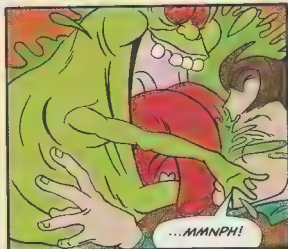
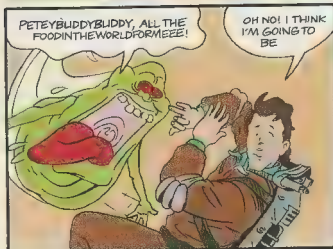


Story GRAEME WATSON ☉ Art ILYA and ANDY O'DONNELL ☉ Lettering SPOLLY ☉ Colouring STUART PLACE









# GH<sup>0</sup>ST WRITING!



Yippee! It's that time of the week again... time to rummage through the enormous sack of mail that is the Ghostbusters' post bag. Here goes...

**Dear Peter...**

I know this is a difficult question to answer, but could you ask Egon which kind of energy maintains ghosts, positive or negative?  
**Ali and Peter, Hertfordshire**

*The name given to the kind of energy which maintains ghosts is Psycho-Kinetic Energy. Little is known scientifically about what motivates ghosts, which is one of the reasons why we have Slimer around so that we have the opportunity to study him. The energy itself seems to vary enormously in strength and form and judging by the ferocity of some of our ghosts the energy is most definitely positive!*

I really like your comic and I have some questions to ask you:

1. Why is your HQ so untidy?
2. Who helps Egon with his inventions?
3. Why doesn't Egon like Janine!

**Andrew Slocombe, Dewsbury**

*Thanks for your questions, Andrew. I'm sorry but I don't see what value a tidy HQ has compared to the great deeds of bravery which we perform! Anyway, it's not that bad is it? I prefer to think of it as being 'lived in and cosy'.*

2. Egon prefers to work alone in his laboratory, although he does work in conjunction with Ray's knowledge of the practical side of engineering sure helps to get new things off the ground.
3. Egon does like Janine! I think... He just doesn't show it!

I have a couple of questions for you:

1. Where are you from?
2. What would happen if a human being got sucked into a trap?

**John Gorst, West Kirby**

1. New York, of course. Where else?
2. I'm sorry to disappoint you, John. It sounds like you have someone lined up who you'd like to try it out on, but I'm afraid it's a physical impossibility for a person to get sucked into a trap. They are strictly designed for ghosts.

I have some questions for you:

1. Is Egon a vegetarian?
2. What is Janine's favourite breakfast?

**Adam Benzine, London**

*1. Egon isn't actually a strict vegetarian, although he doesn't eat a lot of meat. As you might expect, he likes mushrooms which are definitely one hundred per cent meat-free.*

*2. Janine informs me that she particularly enjoys fruit juice and bagels in the morning. Let's face it, who wouldn't?*

I have some questions for you:

1. Why is Slimer scared of ghosts when he's a ghost himself?
2. Why can't Slimer talk properly?
3. Why does Slimer eat a lot?
4. Who made Mr. Staypuft?

**Stelios Stylianou, N18**

*1. Slimer is by nature a pretty nervous sort of being. He's also quite small and harmless (except for the sliming) as far as ghosts go. Sliming is his greatest weapon and clearly this is ineffective when used against other ectoplasmic ghosties!*

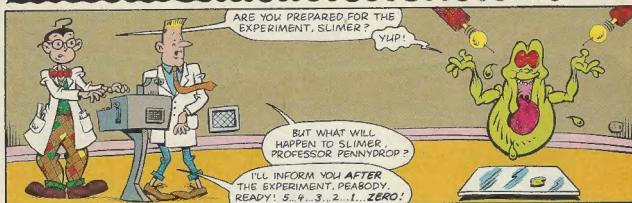
*2. You try talking properly when you've got a mouthful of food! 3. It's his hobby. 4. Mr. Stay Puft was created when Gozer declared that we should choose the form of our Destructor. We tried to empty our minds, but unfortunately Ray thought of Mr. Stay Puft, the Marshmallow Man and there he was, fifty metres tall.*

**Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2**

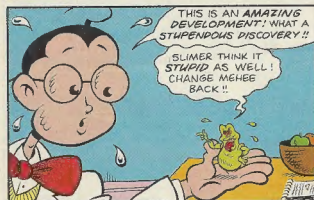
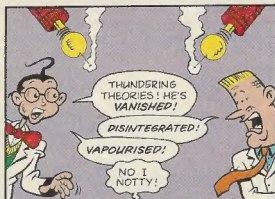


BLIMEY!  
IT'S...

# SLIMER!



**ZAP!**



# IT'LL PETROIFY YOU!



## THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 217** Recipe For Disaster Part 1, by Budiansky, Delbo and Hunt. Cloud-burst and Landmine, on a mission to find spices, end up on the planet of Femax, ruled by a race of warrior women. **Race With The Devil**, part 3 by Furman & Wildman, has the Triggerbots Dogfight, Backstreet and Override racing up to the still-active corpse of Starscream — and losing! Plus part 5 of the Visionaries epic, **The End And The Beginning**.

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 48** In this issue we give you **The Attack of The Amok Behemoth That Ate New York**, a text story by Dan Abnett. The food bites back in **Snack Attack** by John Tomlinson, Parkhouse and Harwood, and Slimer gets kidnapped in **Ghostnappers** by Watson, Ilya and O'Donnell.

☐ **ACTION FORCE 12** Enter **Supertrooper!** by Alan and Johnson. The soldier of the future, it's easier to list what he can't do than what he can! He flies planes, drives tanks, is

an expert in every form of the martial arts — a real oneman army! **PLUS** the classic **Snow Chase**, by Collins, Hopgood and Harwood.

☐ **DEATH'S HEAD 7** Death's Head and Spratt are up against the human chameleon Photofit in this month's fast-moving story. **Shot By Both Sides** is by Hitch, Furman and Anderson. Our hero is himself being pursued by two gangland hitmen, Bigshot and Shortfuse. Who will get who first?

## DON'T MISS...

☐ **DOCTOR WHO 149** The Ice Warriors are on the prowl in this month's exciting issue, and we reveal just how dangerous the job of stuntman on Doctor Who really is. **PLUS** News, readers survey results, and the chance to win a Dapol Figure in our fabulous competition.

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